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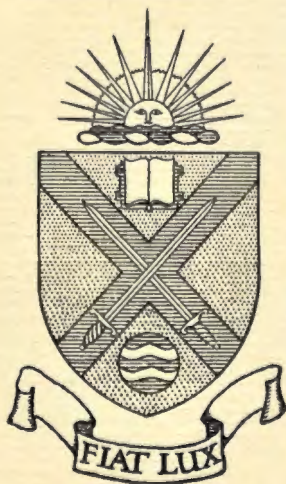


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THE FLAMINGO

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ROLLINS COLLEGE



Vol. 14

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

No. 2

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THE SOUND OF HATE

JESS GREGG*

TO MOST people she was just that middle-aged Miss Donner who hovered in the shadow of her brilliant sister. And though few noticed, there was something beyond the expressionless face, the deadened eyes that suggested a life of expurgated illusions. For Judith Donner was the fine ash of a beautiful woman. Even now, half visible there, her face intimated a spirit that personal tragedy had not been able to crush out.

She sat alone in the brooding shadows of the parlor. Great drapes darkened the room, frustrating the many prisms on the gas jets, hiding the shabby furniture, hiding Judith Donner. Somehow the music from the piano room seemed out of place there — sharp, obvious, unskilled. She felt almost kindred to her father when his voice rose, stopping the music.

"It's no use. You are wasting my time and your parents' money."

"But," murmured the student, "people say you are San Francisco's finest teacher. They told me you could teach even a monkey to play."

"A monkey, perhaps," returned Professor Donner. "But you are wasting my time."

There was finality in his voice and rising from the piano, he led the bewildered boy through the parlor. As he showed him out the front door, Judith watched the fading sunlight clutch at the room, Midas-like. For an instant the Professor stood silhouetted there, his crest of grey hair, his high-bridged nose, his dominant lower lip almost caricatured by the light. He nodded goodbye, then closing the door, walked back to the piano. Judith followed him and stood there beside the sofa, her eyes mocking.

"San Francisco's finest teacher in one of his finest moods," scornfully.

"Pah! After teaching someone like Christine, trash like that is unbearable. Why should I bother? The doctor tells me

*JESS GREGG, better known to *Flamingo* readers as a writer of comedy, strikes a new attitude with his contribution to this issue. "The Sound of Hate" was in the finals of last year's "Story Magazine" contest for college students.

that with a heart as bad as mine it is imperative that I remain calm. But how is it possible with such stupidity?"

Judith walked to the piano and seemed to caress it, but she did not touch a key.

"Is your sister back from the conservatory yet?" he suggested, over casually.

"Christine? I don't know."

"Why must she be there so much when she has pianos in her own home? She isn't meeting someone there, by any chance?"

"I don't know," replied Judith, staring at the floor.

"I know how close you two are. She hasn't told you about a young man there?" Still she did not look up. "Answer me!"

"No! No, she hasn't!" Her eyes sparred with his. "It's always this suspicion. Always afraid that someone else will share her. It's gotten so she can't even go to the conservatory you yourself founded without your imagining things." She turned from him rebelliously. "This is 1900, Father, not the Middle Ages."

"Perhaps I do seem old fashioned," he answered, his emotionally sterile voice suddenly devout, "but the meaning of my life depends on Christine. I have the earth and the universe in her. I've given my very soul to her and she cannot fail me now. The world must one day know her for its finest pianist."

She did not manifest interest, yet he went on.

"Experience has proven you are not understanding, or perhaps you do not care to see — that all my life has been striving — dreaming — fighting for this goal. First for myself — marriage and children forced me to give it up and grub for money. Next I wanted it for you, who had a rare talent. You proved unworthy. Now it must be Christine. She must succeed! She must achieve or I will have been a failure."

He paused, his eyes on her face.

"So, you see, I'd prefer not to lose her."

Judith met his bleak eyes steadily, refusing to drop her gaze. Somewhere a clock ticked on mercilessly, and when at last it seemed she must scream or look down, the door bell splintered the tension.

As her father turned and mounted the stairs, she ushered in the piano-tuner. He was a sad little man, unnoticed as

breath. His existence, Judith so often reflected, was an understatement of life. And there they had a common bond.

"Come in, Mr. Spivy."

"Hello, Miss Donner," he nodded, smiling shyly. "Need your pianos fixed again?"

"I'm afraid so," said Judith kindly.

"You want that little one in your room fixed again too?"

"It has moths in the lining, I think."

"Say now—" He folded his mouth as anyone else would his hands. "Say now, I don't believe I brought any of them moth crystals."

"That's all right. I think we have some in the cabinet. No one here knows how to use them."

"You shouldn't leave that stuff around loose," he remonstrated. "It's awful poisonous."

"That's why I keep it around," she smiled in bitter amusement, "hoping maybe I'll have the strength to take it myself some day."

"Oh, Miss Judith—"

"I'm very silly, am I not, Mr. Spivy?" She smiled again.

"You know," Spivy said, his voice betraying his anxiety to change the subject, "if you'd use that piano up in your room, you wouldn't be so bothered with moths. It's a funny thing, Miss Judith. I've been tuning your pianos twice a year for nigh-on ten years and you always make me tune that little piano in your bedroom — yet no one ever plays it. It's always locked. Don't you play, Miss Donner?"

With a sudden bitterness, Judith turned on him.

"Mr. Spivy! Please go and fix the pianos." She shut the cabinet with a bang. "I haven't time to talk."

Bewildered by her sudden change, he bowed, open mouthed, fumbled for his bag of tools and hurriedly scrambled toward the stairway, colliding with Christine Donner in his haste.

Christine watched him up, then closed the front door. She had a delicate, comprehensive face, with fine dark eyes which gleamed with secrecy. Tossing her sheaf of music on the piano rack, she turned to her sister.

"What's the matter, Judith?"

"Nothing, darling. Your old sister's being dull, that's all."

Foolishly she stared at the moth-crystal box still in her hand.

"Judy!" Christine flung her arms around her sister. "Noth-

ing of the kind! Any girl would envy me for having a sister as wonderful and understanding as you."

Upstairs, Mr. Spivy began tuning the piano, one note over and over—

Judith pulled herself away from the girl and looked down at her earnestly.

"Listen, Christine. Father's looking for you."

Christine bussed her sister gently and turned to go, but Judith pulled her back.

"Wait a minute! Look, Christine — and answer me truthfully, for it means so much. Are you meeting someone at the conservatory?"

Christine was silent for a moment and when she spoke, her voice was warm with pride and dignity.

"Yes. Yes, I am, Judith."

"A man!"

"The dearest man."

Judith clutched her arm relentlessly.

"Father's going to question you," she whispered. "Don't let him know."

"I wouldn't care if he did." Christine dragged her sister over to the sagging couch. "Oh, Judith, I love Karl so much I want to sing it every time I play a note. I want to tell the people on the street how wonderful he is. If only I could share this feeling with you! It's too big for one person. And yet—" she cocked her head to one side, "—and yet, I want every bit of it for myself. Oh, Judith, if only you knew how wonderful it is to be in love!"

Judith didn't answer. Her eyes traveled up the time-touched walls, over the obscure portraits in their gilt caches of dust, beyond the heavy drapes, out into the settling dusk. It was some moments before she spoke.

"Who is your young man?"

"You'll laugh," said Christine, smiling softly. "It's that young German music teacher I used to laugh at, remember? He was so shy. He never spoke and always blushed and walked away from me. And then one day, when I was playing at the conservatory, he came over and said, 'You play so very beautifully'. And Judith, I noticed his hands then — so white and strong — and his nails are clean all the time. Now we talk more than we practice and I have to work hard to keep from saying

'I love you' each time I open my mouth and so does he, and—"

"And if he asks you to marry him?"

"I hope he does. Last week he said the conservatory offered to send him back to Germany to do research and if he goes, I'm going to try my hardest to go with him."

"Do you think Father will let you?"

The tuning upstairs seemed painfully acute, and Christine twisted her handkerchief as if to wring the answer from it.

"That's been on my mind so much. Karl keeps wanting to come over and I don't know what to tell him. Father's so — so funny whenever I speak of going away or getting married. I've never told him about Karl. What would he do if he knew?"

"I don't know," said Judith, her voice curiously flat. "But if he does what I think, I'll do everything in the world to stop him. I'm not going to let him wreck your life as he did—"

"As he did — yours? Yours, Judith? Is that what you mean? Tell me!"

"Look, Christine," she moistened her lips. "We've never talked about that, but I guess you've wondered why Father and I seem to hate each other so."

"That's true. It used to hurt me to see you be so cold to each other, for he's always been so kind and wonderful to me. What happened, Judith?"

Judith leaned back and for a second, something beautified her face.

"Maybe you remember — you were about eight — a tall young man named David Munroe used to call on me. I felt about him perhaps the way you feel about Karl, and we, too, were going to be married. Then Father found out about it, and the forceful teacher I had known became a tyrant and broke off my engagement."

"But why? Why?"

"Why?" She smiled bitterly and her words grated against the monotonous tone of the tuner. "Why? Because he was ambitious for me to fulfill the blighted dream of his youth — to be a great concert pianist. I guess I could have been a very fine one, for I loved my music fiercely. Well, he forbade me to marry, and I was too weak to disobey. He's so strong, so powerful, so domineering — and I was afraid of what he'd do to David, so I told him goodbye — and he went away."

Christine moved nearer Judith and touched her hand.

"How could Father? I know he is strong, yet you always seemed even stronger."

"I wasn't then, but living in hate and dissatisfaction can make you strong sometimes," her sister answered.

"What happened, Judith?"

"A very funny thing. The music I'd loved became a sound of hate. It was so tangled up with the love I'd lost and the loathing I'd found. And because I knew it would hurt Father more than anything else, I swore I'd never play the piano again until the day he died."

Upstairs the tuner tapped one note steadily, monotonously, until the sound seemed to seep into them.

"So that's why you never play now," Christine said at last. "I used to ask why, but you'd never tell me. Why not?"

"What good would it have done, knowing you idolized him. I was afraid I'd poison your life with my hate for him. Now it may help you — help you fight him, using me as an example as what you be like in twenty years. Bitter, unloved, and growing old alone."

Christine locked her arms about her sister and Judith felt her damp lashes against her cheek.

"He'll keep you here if he can," the older one whispered.

Christine ran her hand through her hair and wearily leaned back in the sofa. Then the doorbell shrilling, she leaped to her feet as if it was something she feared. She rushed through the hall and opened the door. Judith could hear her dry intake of breath and hurried whispering. Then the girl slipped into the room again.

"Do you suppose it'll be all right? For Karl to come in, I mean?"

"Tell him to come," said Judith, "but hurry!"

Christine disappeared, hurrying back with a tall young man whose youthful agitation could scarcely be blamed. He bowed to Judith, and she noticed his bright hair and strong young hands.

"Karl, this is my sister, Judith Donner. Judy, this is Karl Siewart."

"I'm so happy to meet you, Karl," said Judith hurriedly. "I've often heard you play when I went to fetch Christine."

She smiled uncertainly and headed for the hall.

"I'll watch the stairs, but do hurry."

"Look, liebchen," Karl said, catching Christine's hands,

"you hurry me so, it is hard to put it in pretty English. Look, my — my dear Christine. Tomorrow I leave for Germany. The conservatory is sending me and — and — "

His tongue faltered, but his eyes went on.

"Yes, Karl, yes. I'll go with you, anywhere!" Christine whispered.

As if orchestrating for them, the piano tuner mounted one note higher, as the two embraced.

"Hurry!" Judith called from the hall, her voice worn down to a whisper. "Father's moving around upstairs and I'm afraid."

"Look, my darling," Christine said, "don't ask me why there is all this confusion here. I can explain later. I may have trouble getting away, but for certain I'll meet you tonight at the conservatory. Then we can be married and nothing can separate us."

Karl kissed her again and then Judith pushed his hat into his hand and propelled him to the door. She returned to the parlor to find Christine dancing about the room.

"Judy, Judy," she whispered, "I'm so happy, I don't think I can bear it."

"Listen, Christine," Judith hushed the dancing figure. "Go up and pack and then get out of here. I'll hold Father as long as I can, but leave this place as quickly as possible."

"Judy, we won't see each other again—"

Judith nodded slowly but did not speak. For a moment they stood hand in hand, then hearing their father coming down the stairs, they parted, humming innocently, as they dusted and straightened the room. He watched them for a moment, but his tired face did not relax.

"Why is that tuner here, Judith? You never play that piano, and I will not tolerate useless expenditure."

Judith turned sardonically, italicising every word.

"I'm determined to keep my piano ready for the time when you make it possible for me to play again, Father."

For a moment he stared at her as if to crush her. Then he turned to Christine.

"Where have you been this afternoon, dearest?" he said. "I've looked for you."

"Why — why, I've been right here, Father."

"I thought you were at the conservatory," he said, eyebrows raised.

"Did you work hard?" kindly. "What was it? Beethoven?"

"Yes. No! The Nocturne in E." She rose, her fingers picking at her dress. "Please excuse me, Father, I don't feel well — I — I'm going to my room."

They watched her go up the stairs, then Professor Donner turned to Judith.

"I didn't want to mention it to Christine until I was sure. Perhaps you'll tell me what that young man wanted here? I saw him leave, Judith, so you needn't attempt to lie."

Judith didn't face him, but continued to tap the window pane in time with the tuner's beat.

"Why should I lie? It was merely a peddler. What's so uncommon about a peddler?"

"A peddler resembling young Mr. Siewart from the conservatory is certainly uncommon, don't you agree, my dear Judith?"

She laughed mockingly, and her eyes were pointed with scorn.

"To you, the butcher looks like Mr. Siewart and the baker looks like Mr. Siewart and the iceman looks like Mr. Siewart and the postman and the grocery boy—"

"Don't be facetious!" he snapped.

"I'm not!" She whirled around defiantly. "I'm just heartily sick of living with you and your suspicions."

"Judith," his voice was calm, cool, "I've told you a thousand times that when you become too sick of living with me and my 'suspicions', you are perfectly free to leave my house."

"If it hadn't been for Christine, I'd have long ago left this sepulchre — this place where dreams come home to die."

He paused for an instant, then bowed.

"Your slightly hysterical defense of Christine's affairs has told me more than questioning would. Now I wish you'd retire and tell that tuner to leave off."

"What are you going to do?" Her voice was tense, expectant as a trap.

"I want to have a little talk with Christine."

"What about?"

"That is between Christine and myself."

"What are you going to ask her?" Her voice was louder now, and her senses seemed overly sharp and dry. Glaringly distinct was the chipped button on her father's vest, the vague

odor of moth-crystals, and the way the tuner drummed the key, now louder, now softer.

"I said what are you going to ask her?"

"Since you insist," he shrugged, "I thought I'd warn her that people are saying she's neglecting her work for the attentions of Mr. Siewart."

"To find that you've been spying doesn't surprise me," she said scornfully.

"Judith! Looking out for the welfare of one you love, of one you have plans for, is scarcely spying."

"I suppose you'll say you wrecked my life for my welfare," she mocked, rolling the *r* derisively.

"What I did, I believed to be best for you. Had I known you to be as unworthy as you are, I shouldn't have cared what you did."

She turned back to the window and looked out into the deepening shadows.

"I was your prisoner here—"

"In keeping you here, I had hoped to make a great artist of you. And for my effort, you vowed never to touch the piano while I live. Well, what do you want? It makes no difference now. Christine has filled your place!"

In the reflection of the window pane, Judith could see her sister creeping down the stairs, bag in hand. For a second she paused at the landing and blew a kiss in Judith's direction. Automatically, Judith started to return it, then stopped. Her father noticed the blighted gesture. Then he, too, saw the reflection and whirled on the young girl.

"Christine!"

"I'm — I'm leaving, Father."

"Leaving?" His voice was a shadow. "For what, child? For what?"

"I'm going to be married and go to Germany."

Professor Donner slowly sat down on the sofa and put his head between his shaking hands. He didn't speak for a moment, and when he did, infinite weariness lurked behind each word.

"I thought you loved me. I thought you strove as I always have, toward our goal in music."

Christine sat down beside him and took his hand.

"I do love you, Father. I will always strive for that goal, but I must live my life."

"And so you leave me and your music for marriage?"

"Yes, Father."

He rose suddenly and pulled her up with him.

"I can't permit such a great talent to be thrown away so cheaply," he cried. "I just can't permit you to do it!"

"Please, Father. Nothing you can say will change my mind."

"No, no, no!" he went on, "I won't let you do it. You don't know your mind, child. You're but a baby yet. I won't let you do this to me."

Christine picked up her bag and turned to go.

"I forbid you to leave this house!" he cried.

"You can't forbid me, Father."

"Well, I can make it difficult for you." His voice was steady now. "As you know, I'm on the Board of Trustees at the conservatory and I can — and will — see that your Mr. Siewart loses his position there, as well as his scholarship in Germany."

All was silent, save for the unchanging beat of the tuner.

"You wouldn't!"

He didn't answer her, but his little smile was eloquent.

"You'd ruin his career?" Her voice was like one dreaming.

"Come here, my dear," he pulled her to him tenderly. "Which would be the greatest loss to the world — the blighted career of a young genius—or that of an obscure music teacher?"

She drew away from him.

"And I thought you cared about my happiness," she said. "I thought you loved me."

"My beloved, I do. More than you know, I do. That's why I go to such drastic lengths to keep you near me where I know you will be handled and taught with the awe and finesse needed for a girl of your genius."

"But Karl—"

"If he loved you, he'd leave you here. If you love him, you'll let him proceed with his career. For if you disobey me and go with him, I shall have no other choice than to ruin him."

Christine's eyes sought her sister's. "What shall I do?"

"Do?" Judith cried. "Do what your heart tells you. If you stay here, you'll regret it all your life. You'll wither and you'll grow bitter and hateful. Go with him, I say. It's better to live with him even though he be broken than stay here. Take your chance. Go! Go!"

Christine picked up her bag again and without another word, another glance, ran down the hall, out the front door.

Professor Donner stared after her in disbelief and the tuning upstairs seemed mercilessly loud and tenacious. Judith's low laughter pulled him round.

"Damn you!" His voice was low. "Damn you for what you've done."

Judith laughed again, but her eyes were uneasy as he snatched up his hat and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Never mind." His eyes were the only living part of his face.

"I said where?"

"You know where!"

"So you're going to wreck that boy's life!" She walked up beside him.

"He wrecked mine."

With a sudden shove, Judith pushed him aside and slipped into the doorway before him, barring his way. She stood there, her head thrown back, her smile taunting.

"Get out of my way!"

"You're not going to leave this house." Her half-closed eyes glinted rebelliously.

He didn't answer, but lunged forward and catching hold of her arms, attempted to drag her from his way. She gave an angry twist and pushed him from her. The beat of the tuner grew faster as if playing music for two Apaches who struggled in the shadows. Donner, his face red, breathing heavily, raspingly, lurched toward her again. Suddenly he froze grotesquely like a tangled marionette. Then swaying, gesticulating, he staggered back and collapsed on the sofa.

"My heart — you fool, oh you fool — the doctor said — my medicine — hurry —"

Watching him curiously, Judith walked over to the cabinet and picked up his bottle of powders and started to pour it into a glass. For an instant her eyes touched the box of moth crystals. She clutched it to her and her lips were dry, her heart thudding louder than the drumming of the tuner.

"My medicine — hurry —"

Judith seemed not to hear. A slow smile wandered over her lips and she nodded to him vaguely. Then, putting down the moth crystals beside the bottle of medicine, she slowly, deliber-

ately walked past her father, the beat of the tuner marking her stride. Insolently she lifted the cover of the piano and ran her fingers over the keys. Then she sat down and began to play a gay gypsy rhapsody — wildly, jubilantly — her eyes sneaking to the side, peering around like little mice, watching the man who tried to rise, who waved his hands horribly and then fell back on the sofa, clutching his throat. And as he lay still, opaque-eyed, her music soared triumphantly, overwhelming even the beat of the tuner.

FOX AND MOON

I smell death-scents beneath a rising moon
The fox's nose, triangled silhouette:
The vacant whitenesses of heathland croon
The wind-song of the grass, when blades are wet.

The west wind stirs the heather as a comb
Lifts woman's hair; the distances are cold:
The stunted tree reels like a drunken gnome:
A far-off bird calls, tubular and old.

Shut out the moon and drive the night-wind back,
Shut out the fox, roving the upland down.
In vain: like gas, they seep through every crack
And stalk like death across the shrinking town.

I am afraid: some force, pagan and strong,
Rends man-made safety like a broken shell;
All this from rising moon and night-bird's song,
Heard in the comfort of a town hotel.

EDITH MOODIE

THE DOG ACROSS THE MOOR

EDITH MOODIE*

FAR OFF a dog barked across the moor.

"Air's clear tonight", said John. Kirkhaven's ten miles away."

"Couldn't it have come from Dunduggan?" hazarded Patricia. "That's only three miles off."

"Wrong direction, my love. Dunduggan's to the east, and the dog's bark came from the west."

"Well, I'm sure it couldn't have come all the way from Kirkhaven."

"It must have done. There's no house on the moor between us and the village."

"Maybe it's somebody crossing the moor."

"Not at this time of the night."

Patricia laughed. "Good Lord," she said. "Here we are getting all argumentative over nothing."

John grinned. "I told you you'd get nervy if you married me and came to live in the wilds."

Patricia leaned forward in her chair and warmed her hands at the fire. "I love it here," she said.

"Well, you haven't been here a month. Besides, the moor in September is like a lamb. You wait till the winter."

Patricia laughed again.

"You wait," said John, warming to his theme. "The cold winds sweeping in from the Atlantic, bearing the rain, and the great grey mists. Alone on a moor, miles from anywhere, with a strong silent man. A-h-ah." He twirled imaginary moustaches.

"Did you say alone?"

"Yes. Utterly and completely alone."

"What about Murphy and the maids?"

John dismissed them with a wave of his hand.

"And Norah?"

John wilted. Then he brightened and observed pleasantly, "I'll slit her throat."

Patricia shuddered. "What imaginations you novelists have."

*EDITH MOODIE, an English girl just arrived from Exeter, sets her story in a background familiar to her. She contributes also to the poetry section.

And then the dog barked again, nearer this time. The bark cut like a cold knife across the warm atmosphere of the room.

"Coming this way," observed John.

"Yes."

A silence fell. After a few moments the dog barked again, still nearer.

"Sounds as if he's coming down the track, past the house."

"Yes, doesn't it?"

Patricia picked up her book and began to read again, the firelight playing on her dark head as she bent over. John began writing once more, his pen scratching noisily over the paper.

Then came a perfect cascade of barks from just outside the house. Patricia jumped to her feet.

"What's up?" inquired John quickly.

"Nothing, dear." She smiled down at him, then wandered vaguely across the room to the window and drew aside the curtain.

Outside the full moon threw its queer half-revealing light over the blackness of the moor. The far-away hills stood out like great dark sentinels.

Patricia looked up the track, and saw someone coming down it, a tall dark shape, with a big dog jumping around it. She watched the shape gradually appear until it resolved itself into a tall man, bareheaded, thin and dark-haired. He was walking down the moor-track which passed behind the house and joined the road about fifty yards from it. The dog was a huge Irish wolf-hound. She watched them pass.

Once just opposite her, the man's face turned in her direction, and then he slowly moved his gaze, and looked straight ahead again. Thus they passed, and she strained her eyes to follow the two shapes, the man and the dog going down the track.

Then she suddenly shivered. "Gosh, it's cold," she said, as she drew back the curtain.

.

The September sunlight streamed into the breakfast-room, and outside the moor was preening itself like a young girl; the scattered patches of thinning purple stood out against the uniform dead brown to mark the passing of the heather which but a few weeks before had lain over all the moor, save where the dark surface of the bogs looked up at the open sky, like a great

cloak carelessly thrown down. The far-away hills were dark blue and by contrast the clear sky was pale and colorless.

"Biddy seems in a queer mood this morning," observed Pat as she poured out coffee.

"She does," said John. "I expect she has had a quarrel with her young man".

"Wait till she comes back and you can sound her," said Pat. "You say you like to analyse human nature."

"Well," began John, but at that moment the rosy-cheeked Biddy re-entered. As she put down the toast, John asked in a gentle voice, "What's up, Biddy?"

"Why, nothing at all, at all, Mr. John."

"Don't be silly. I know there is something wrong."

"Well, sir, himself's come back."

"Oh." And John was silent, while Biddy hurriedly left the room.

"Well, and who is himself?" demanded Pat.

"He is some sort of mysterious man who appears at times on the moors. A sort of tinker, I suppose. He always causes a lot of trouble, especially with the village women."

"Oh," said Pat with a grin.

"He hasn't been here for a long time. I remember he came once when I was a child, living at Dunduggan."

"He must be old then."

"I suppose he is. Pat, I say, I wish I hadn't had this house built."

"Whatever for, John?"

"I don't know. He came before when there was some suggestion of having the moors drained."

"I'm sorry, darling, but I just can't follow your train of thought."

"Never mind; eat your breakfast and we will go for a drive."

And so the subject passed. And the September days passed too, until they were well into October, and then came the night when Pat stood beside her petrol-less car on the Kirkhaven Road and realised that it would be as quick to walk home as to walk back into the village for petrol.

So she struck off across the moor to find the track, for it was quicker than the twisting road by at least a mile. To her left, the sky was red, blood red as though the dying day had been murdered. The pools among the heather, now stripped of all its purple glory, were gleaming with reflection so that they were

pools of blood. The few stunted trees were like the sentinels on a forsaken battlefield. In the east the moon was rising behind the black hills, and the stars, growing brighter every minute, were clear and unmoved. A light breeze stirred the heather, whispering untold stories.

She found the track, marked as it crossed a small hill by one of the cairns which dotted the moor. Before she turned her back on the sunset, she took one last look, and saw him coming towards her.

She was suddenly terribly afraid, and yet when the great dog bounded up to her, she stretched out a hand and patted him. Then she looked up at the man and smiled.

He smiled too, as he stood looking down at her. Tall and thin and dark. She saw that his eyes were as black as his hair, that his mouth was thin and firm, and that his jaw was strong and pitiless.

"Good-evening." His voice was low, and held a quality which she could not at first determine. Afterwards she realized it was contempt.

"Good-evening," she replied.

"We seem to be going the same way. May I accompany you?"

"Certainly." She fell into step beside him, wondering why she had acquiesced so quickly. They went down the hill in silence, while behind them the red faded from the western sky. She glanced up at him, and wishing to make conversation said, "Do you live near here?"

He looked down at her, and smiled again. "Over there," he said, pointing to the north.

"I did not know there were any houses on the moor besides ours."

"Mine isn't a proper house, it's only a hut. Not a proper house like yours."

She was conscious of a quality of venom in his last words. "You don't sound as though you approved of our house."

"Far be it from me to abuse your house, dear lady." He smiled again, as though at a secret joke.

"You hate it," she said definitely.

He bowed slightly, "As you wish."

They went on for a while in silence, while the night closed in round them, and more and more stars came out. The air was cold and she shivered.

"Would you like my coat?"

"No thanks, I am quite all right."

But he already had his coat off and had put it round her shoulders. Then they went on.

Finally she said, "Are you Biddy's young man?" He began to chuckle delightedly to himself. He never laughed loudly, but he seemed to be enjoying some huge joke. The dog let out a short sharp bark.

"What is so funny?" she asked a little crossly.

"I beg your pardon. I suppose I am Biddy's young man. I go out with her if that is what being anyone's young man is. But, for that matter, I go out with half the village women."

"Oh, you do". Somehow, inexplicably she felt jealous.

"Oh yes. You, would you like to join the list?"

"I am a married woman," she said furiously.

"So are some of them."

"How dare you!" she gasped.

"You are different. You have more soul than they. And soul is what—is what I am looking for."

She stood absolutely still. "I think I will go on alone from here."

"Do you really? You might wander off the path and fall into the bogs. Many men have done that."

"I know the path, thank you. I will go on alone."

"Do you really think so?" And the next moment he had gripped her, and she was looking up into his dark eyes.

Death and slimy, quivering surface of the bog where the rank flowers grow, waiting to suck down the firm flesh and choke the gasping mouth and fill the staring eyes and open nostrils with mud and slime. The wet, cold, clammy mist that wraps like a shroud woven of the moist, clogging dead heather. Open wounds and rotting flesh and hair that grows, grows on the dead skull. The damp grave, like a festering wound in the earth, and the whine of the wind in the rotten branches of the trees; soggy decaying leaves; and the glory of all these, the rich, dank, splendour of them, the little purple flower that grows among the bogs. The lovely soft, yielding surface of the rain-swept bog, . . . soft . . . embracing . . . encircling .

She suddenly came to herself with a gasp, and was aware that somewhere the current had been turned off. He was smiling at her now, and the smile was a veil over the depth of his eyes.

"Well?" he asked slowly.

She began to cry like a frightened child.

"That was only the beginning. There is far more."

"Let me go."

"You didn't like it?"

The next moment she had broken from him, and ran, sobbing along the track. Far-away the light of the house showed like a saving star. She ran towards it, stumbling over the rocky track, flinging off his coat, not daring to look back. And yet, as she reached the door and laid a hand on the knob, she turned and looked back across the moor.

There was no sign of him and yet, suddenly she whispered, "Goodnight." There was no sign of him, and yet the wind brought back a whisper, "Goodnight" . . .

She did not see him for a long time after that. Sometimes, when she was working at something in the kitchen beside Biddy, she asked the girl about her "boy". She received glowing accounts in return, and yet she had the impression that Biddy was slightly afraid of him.

She said nothing to John of her encounter with the stranger. And John, engrossed in writing his novel over the fire at night never noticed how his wife started whenever she heard a dog bark across the moor.

One night, though, he told her the old stories of the moor, strange old tales that came down from the times when the Tuatha de Deann, the old god-like race, still lived in Ireland. And he told her of Tir-na-og, the Land of the Ever Young, which lay somewhere across the moors.

He also told her how, in the old times, any hurt done to the moor was paid for, and how three virgins was the price. They were driven out into the bogs, till they were drawn down into the very heart of the moor, and no trace of them remained.

"Any hurt?" queried Patricia.

"Yes, anything like building a road across the moors, or trying to drain them, or building a house."

"Building a house?" repeated Pat.

"Oh, don't be alarmed. We won't have to pay for this one. The practice died out about five hundred years ago. Besides virgins are rare nowadays."

They laughed together. But Pat's sense of uneasiness deepened, and remained a little black cloud in the back of her mind.

Then came the evening when she quarrelled with John, and in a fine Irish temper, she rushed out to walk the moors by herself.

She kept to the track, for it was pitch dark and there were a few thin wisps of mist drifting in from the west. And yet, in ten minutes time she found, with a little twinge of fear that she was off the path. And more, that under her feet the ground was no longer firm but gave in a sickening way.

She turned, and struck out for where she considered the path must be. The next moment she was up to her knees. With a gasp she struggled to get out. A great wisp of mist suddenly enveloped her. She felt herself sinking, and struggled desperately to get out. But the pull continued, and she felt tempted to give up the struggle and just let herself go.

Strangely she felt no fear, it was as though she were going to some place which she knew, to meet some old friend.

And the next minute she was being lifted up again, out of the bog which tried to hold her back as though reluctant to lose her. Then she was free, and someone was holding her up. She turned, and saw him.

"Thank you," she said.

He smiled. "It wasn't time yet," he said.

"What do you mean?"

He did not reply, but took her hand and started leading her across the bog. Finally he turned and said, "This is firm ground. You are in no danger now."

She stood facing him, and looked into his dark eyes. Then she asked, "Why did you save me?"

"Humanity," he said, but she noticed the cynical quirk of his mouth. And his eyes held hers, and she knew that she would not look away.

Then he said, "Don't go yet. I want to talk with you. We can sit here." He pointed to a rock a few yards off.

"But I am dripping wet," she said and shivered as the cold night air seemed to strike into her bones.

"You can have my coat again," he said with a smile. And she made no demur as he took it off and wrapped it round her shoulders.

She sat down in silence, and he sat beside her. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Were you frightened when you were in the bog?" She hesitated. "No." He smiled, "Good, that is very good."

Something made her shiver. Then she asked as if the question were torn from her, "How old are you?" She felt the full force of his eyes upon her.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Just—well I don't know. I . . ."

"He nodded, "What you think is true." At that she rose trembling, poised for flight; the coat fell to the ground; he did not move, but said lazily, "There are bogs all around you."

"Why did you pull me out?"

"You are not ready yet." He rose and gripped her. "Your husband told you about the three virgins, but he didn't tell you everything, because he didn't know. Nobody does, nowadays."

"The night before the sacrifice, the girls were left alone on the moors, on the sacred hill, whose site nobody knows, so that the 'black man', could come to them and take their souls. It was three empty husks that were driven out to die in the bogs. The moor had their souls already."

She stood trembling, feeling his great hands gripping the flesh of her shoulders. "And who was the 'Black Man'?"

He smiled, "Wouldn't you like to be knowing that?"

Then he dropped his hands. "Won't you sit down again?"

She did so, meekly. Then she looked at him and said "I'm married."

"You're married, but you are still a virgin. That was what you quarrelled about to-night. I agree with you. You could quite well afford it".

"How did you know all this?"

He chuckled to himself. "Fancy your asking that, at this stage."

She sat and looked at him, at his black hair and his black eyes, his firm mouth and his pitiless chin. She compared him mentally with John's blonde handsome physique. And she drew closer to him. He was staring straight ahead. "You had better be going back now," he said suddenly.

"But I . . ."

He smiled at her. "You must."

"But when will I see you again?"

"Tomorrow. But to-night I have other things to do. Oisín!"

The great dog bounded up out of the darkness.

"He will see you home. Now, good-night."

She stood looking at him, and he suddenly gripped her and kissed her. His lips were cold. Then she turned and left him without a word, and Oisín took her on, until the lights of the house showed through the night.

The next day Bridget O'Connell disappeared. At night, Pa-

tricia went out for a "short walk after dinner." He was waiting for her on the track outside the house. It was bitterly cold, a clear frosty night; the moon was shining as it had the first time she had seen him.

They walked across the moors in silence. Finally Pat said, "What has happened to Bridget O'Connell?"

"Strange, isn't it? She set out to walk from Kirkhaven to Dunduggan, at about 10 o'clock. Must have gone into the bogs."

"That is queer, in daylight."

"Isn't it?"

"Was she out late, last night?"

"Very late. She was out with her young man."

They walked on in silence. Once he stopped, and put his arm round her. Then they went on again.

When they were in sight of the house once more, she said, "We have paid one third of the price for it."

Then they kissed good-night and she left him.

All the next day the search for Bridget continued. But she was never found. And the next week Mary Doran disappeared from Kirkhaven.

When Pat met him that night, she was silent for even longer than usual. Finally she said, "Is Biddy safe?"

"Yes, she was tried in the balance and found wanting, to put it biblically. So were many more."

"Then the third virgin?"

He smiled down at her. "Are you afraid?"

"How much longer must I wait?"

"Not long."

She smiled at him. Then her face clouded. "There is bad feeling against you in Kirkhaven. They are a wild lot. Be careful."

At that he chuckled. "They can't kill me, any more than they can kill the moor."

At last they returned to the house. She kissed him goodnight and looked for a moment into his eyes, to see the great depths in them, the bogs and the slime and the rains. And soon she would be one with them, lose her soul in them, be no more, a lonely human soul, but a part of the moor, the everlasting and eternal moor.

And so she said good-night and left him standing there with his dog in the great wind which was sweeping over the moor from the west.

When she came in, she found John in a great state of anxiety.

"Where have you been?" he burst out. "Have you met them?"

"Met whom?"

"The men of Kirkhaven, they are going to his shack to lynch him."

"Who?"

"That strange tinker. He was going out with Bridget and Mary. They think he has murdered them."

"Lynch him! They can't."

"You don't know Irishmen when they are aroused."

"Come on, John. We must go. Come on."

"All right, Pat, but we must be careful. We can't do anything."

"Phone the police."

"They have cut the line to the town."

"John, we must save him. Come on."

Together they ran across the moor, in the high wind that rushed in from the Atlantic. The moon raced through the clouds throwing a fitful momentary light on the moor and the far-away hills.

At last they saw a crowd that was gathered round a great bonfire. Pat pushed her way to the front of the gang of silent grim-faced men and saw a shack burning . . . burning.

"Is he in there?" she asked hoarsely.

"He and his damn hound."

Pat watched the flames silently and as she watched she seemed to come slowly back to life as though she had suddenly seen the bog gaping at her feet, and drawn back. She slowly saw to what she had given her soul. Saw the slime of the bog of which she had only seen the flower. She gave a gasp, and felt John's arms about her.

"Come here, old girl," he said gently.

When they were safely at home he poured out two glasses of wine and they drank in silence. She felt a great security, and peace and cleanliness. And yet, 'you can no more kill me than the moor'.

John, his arm round her shoulders, said, "Poor devil. That is the end of him."

But far off a dog barked across the moor.

THE WIND

Lovers are two people who have suddenly awakened
to find themselves standing at a dizzy height
on a lonely cliff
with nothing in sight but a blue-white wind
that is strong.

Only they are not lonely,
just dizzy and clinging,
for the wind is strong and blue-white.

To them,
where all of life before
has been a ghostly wandering,
this suddenly is real.

Are we not lovers
on a cliff too small for us?
Are we not reeling
with the dizzy space we see?
Let us cling, then,
as though there really were a wind.
As though, even,
we thought there might be a chance
for balancing at so great a height.
Or, perhaps,
as if there would never be the return
to that ghostly wandering,
once more flung among the blur of faces,
once more in a dead-dream calm,
where your love
will be only a moist kiss on my lips
blown away
long before
by a strong and slightly blueish wind.

JANE BALCH

Jane Balch, Elizabeth Miller, Peggy Hudgings, Jane Miller will be remembered for their poetry in the last issue of "The Flamingo". All are Lower Division students and all are from Florida except Elizabeth Miller who comes from Ohio.

SOLUTION

This is the narrowest of prisons.
I have sold the dawn, my heart, the night,
for a song.
And Spring, moaning,
wraps herself around my feet.

Had I known
that love had times of poverty,
had I known
its sweet false key
grows louder with enchanted distance,
and its bread is bitter,
never would I have given
a skies width
for your kiss.
Never then would I have known
that love could be
a whimper in the heart;
always before an eager,
joyous shout.
Never then would I have seen
this narrowness.

Oh, I have need of Spring,
to feel the soft green growing hush,
the spongy earth,
and live again in silky running freedom.
I have need of loving her alone
before the word
is rain-rubbed from my life.

Love, the deceiver, has intruded
on my rendezvous with Spring.
Love must go.

In a marsh I shall leave it
while walking some night,
and a hundred frogs
will wonder at its tender,
lost expression.

I shall toss it,
a hand-grenade,
to the center of the miles
between us.
Orion's eyes
will see its shooting sprays.

I shall fling the memory
of your kisses
into the highest branches of a tree
that the wind
may create erosion there.

JANE BALCH

WHAT CAN I TELL YOU?

What can I tell you
that is like the thoughts I have had here?
Where shall the words begin
of how the night rushed into my mouth
when I spoke your name?
Or how, at your image, trees
and streetlights swam
and I blinked fast.
Have I a way to mention a dark hurt
with only a painful healing
achingly far away?
Is there a starting point in words
for love
or
loneliness?

JANE BALCH

RENDEZVOUS

A gold is on Italian hills today,
 And Florence wonders at the sudden lift
 Of sea-ward wind whose music tears a rift
 Of sky. There, Casa Guidi's windows stay
 Half-opened to the light. There is a play,
 Near-sad, of melody whose octaves sift
 Upon the Arno's face. The moving skiff
 Of day sails full into the sweet array.

Dark singer, let your urgent love-song rise,
 And soar in tilting arch without restraint.
 Ah, sing again! My heart will guard the cries
 That time and death conspired to render faint.
 You had, though woman born with mortal guise,
 The sight and tongue of an immortal saint!

PEGGY HUDGINGS

I ASK NOT WINE

I do not ask for wine, beloved,
 Nor do I ask for bread.
 My hunger is appeased, beloved,
 By words you have not said.

My thirst is easy quenched, beloved,
 By you yourself supplies.
 I ask not wine nor bread, beloved,
 When I can see your eyes.

PEGGY HUDGINGS

ONLY APRIL

The aching throb and pulse of spring
 Beats hard in my heart again,
 And there is nothing left in me
 That remembers other pain.

For your young eyes have found me now,
 And your sweet lips have shown
 That this is the only April
 I have ever known.

PEGGY HUDGINGS

NOT YET

Not yet, clamorous,
not yet the birth-hour;
not yet, O passionate!
Lie thou quiet but a little:
the hour is not yet come.

This the womb is soft,
deep-pillowed with darkness,
lined about
with a grey absence
of weeping and laughter.

O thou beautiful one
(not yet realized
or brought from the land of visions)
art thou not content
in thy cradled comfort?

Time, time indeed
for the hard impact of light:
but that hour is not here.
Do thou lie quiet,
do thou dream.

ELISABETH MILLER

EASTER HYMN

Before the Mole,
Before He came
Death was beautiful.
We to the flame
Our dead delivered.
We buried them
In the dark-rivered
Country of night.

(O who had dreamed of this indignity?
And who had dreamed the Mole?)

We sang: "Oh flesh so dear
To us, we thee inter,
Thou who wert fed
Now be the spring who feeds
The roots, the new green blades.
O lovely solemn dead!"

(All that is over now,
Because the Mole—)

This morning early
To the place of planting
The hallowed ashes
We came chanting—

O God! the Mole, the Mole,
The sacreligious Mole
Among our dead had burrowed
And every sacred knoll
Was torn and furrowed.

Now the dead have risen up
In a comic host,
And death himself become
A shrieking ghost!

ELISABETH MILLER

PORTRAIT OF A GIRL IN A DORMITORY ROOM

He should come soon now. He knows that I will wait,
 but not too long . . . no, not even for him.
 My hair looks rather lovely with this flower, this blossom
 of whitehearted japonica.
 He'll laugh at that
 and tell me I am only a glamour girl like all the rest
 and turn his head and then . . .
 that look will come into his eyes—
 that look my heart has memorized!
 that fierce deep look
 that sears me for an age, but compensates
 with a kiss.
 No . . . hardly a kiss. Rather a flight
 deep into some abyss, down into dazzling hell
 then down again.

Footsteps in the hall—
 where is my handkerchief, my bag?—
 it's someone coming to say he is here—
 and time, too!
 He likes this dress: as frail he called it once
 as love's own texture. And my face tonight!
 Wait until he sees my face, and takes it into his hands,
 admirable hands that never shake, but only quiver warmly,
 quiver
 until his pulses seem
 my pulses.
 Ah, I knew this play of ours would change one day from the
 sham
 into the real!
 I knew it the night I first forgot accustomed lines and could not
 stammer out
 the things I had said smoothly, flawlessly a thousand times
 to other men.
 Whoever she was, she came for some one else. It was not he
 then.
 It's eight, why has he not come? He has never been late like
 this
 before. What could have happened? Last night

we had a quarrel, but we've had quarrels before.
Always he's come back. He'll come this time. He could not be
for long
without my lips,
my brimming wit of which he drinks
in eager, thirsty draughts.

If I were the merest
pretty, a porcelain shepherdess of a girl, a little Dresden morsel,
perhaps he'd love me more.
Oh, to be
a naiad, exquisitely brainless! He cannot quite forgive my mind.
Five minutes past eight.
What did I say to him last night?
We quarreled, hideously, about the play again. We've done that
half a hundred nights.
He thinks that I, being woman, should yield to him.
Yes, for all his professions of feminine equality!

Why should he use that abominable weapon of a femininity I
never asked for, against me? Can he not forget I am a woman?
But if he did . . . it would mean doing without
his embraces, perhaps; never having his lips crush
the breath back into my stricken throat again.
I would not have him forget I have lips, a body
that melts, dissolves beneath his vivid touch.
No . . . keep your maleness, darling!
I will be your dancing girl, your minion, your
anything—but yours!

I'll not look at the clock again. It's growing later: of course
it's growing later, tick by vicious tick. I must face that.
Perhaps he's had a flat. Someone kept him at the theatre.
I'll smoke a cigarette, buff my nails, call Jan down
to talk to me. No, I won't.
I'll sit here instead,
growing angrier and more unreasonable every second,
with the joy of hearing him again
slowly dying in me.

Does he think I am his slave
to grovel in silence, a-waiting him,

springing with starved eagerness
at his call?

When he comes, I'll say that I am ill
and cannot go with him. Can not and *will* not . . .

Oh what did we say last night?

He argued one way, I another, and neither of us
would condescend to change. My head rang and buzzed with
the noise

of our words. What a scene we made!

And suddenly Michael went out, white and cold with fury,
his eyes holding that look that frightens me—

They've had it too much of late.

It is a look

I cannot combat, being not one of hauteur, pain, rage, grief or
lust

but some deadly alloy of the five.

He did not turn at the door for a parting shot. That was unlike
him.

Steps again . . . stopping! He is here at last,
and I—forgive him!

Yes, everything.

Come in please . . . Only this note? No message? Are you
sure

he did not wait? Thank you then . . .

I'll not open it just yet. Did she realize my hands were shaking
only from anger? That ghastly smirk . . .

He shall pay for this, for every moment of this evening's
unpleasantness. That I should wait so long to be thus dismissed!

Like a slave. Ah, I hate him,

I would like to tear his smug face with my nails, or, better,
annihilate him with heavenly epithets!

No use . . . he's cold to the touch

as starlight. I'll read his note.

'Dear Kim'—it has always been '*Dearest* Kim'—I'll not have
less than the superlative. I shall tell him so.

. . . 'I am taking the liberty of cancelling our engagement
tonight, being too weary to undergo any recurrence of
last night's scene. Michael.'

So it *was* last night! The fool could not take

my triumph over him. He'll take other triumphs of mine yet!

I shall teach him which of us is master.

I will bind him to my wrist, as one would a falcon,
allowing him to hover, acquiescent, above my fingers.
I have let him have more of me
than the others had. But I shall be
less generous now. He will learn
that I am I and he is—
only he.

'Last night's scene'. That is a bitter phrase.
Was it then so bitter to him? He has been hurt
at my hands and he cannot quite forgive
anyone who hurts him. This may be the end
of all between us. The end!

If I screamed that at myself enough,
someday I might believe it. Perhaps someday
I would not care . . . But now, tonight
it wounds me. It is a deep gash in my pride—
and in my heart—

Michael, this victory is yours.

This negation. You have won it without words or bitter action .
But he will be back. He cannot live without me.
We have a like quantity of darkness
in our souls.

Why should there be tears in my eyes? Feminine atrocities . . .
He will come back, he *will*!

Though all hell burned between us he would come.

I am his bread and wine,
his speech,
the stars of his sky,
his very blood and breathing. I
am his life.

And—he is mine. Yes, I could hardly do without him now.
I've never known another I could quarrel and laugh with,
shout at and yet love. One with whom

I could struggle over things and know in the end
the sheer sharp happiness of achieved creation . . .
we've had so much, we've shared everything.

Plays we have done, poetry we've written,
songs we composed together. He'll think of those
in the chill, first hours of tomorrow. Some lines of ours
will run along his brain as he lies in his bed.

I'll come back, wedged between him and fulfillment.
 He'll know then, as I know now, have always known,
 that we were explicitly created for each other.
 As soon as I see him I shall say—
 if but to make him smile!—
 that he was right and I —utterly wrong!
 That will be tomorrow. Oh God, let tomorrow in
 quickly! Each black hour between
 defeats me. Will this penitence be visible
 in the sun's flaw-searching light? Or will it be lifeless?
 No, no, tomorrow I shall tell him this, confess all
 so charmingly that he will be
 enchanted against his will.
 There must be ways of getting him back.
 Tomorrow I shall find them.
 Tomorrow . . . tomorrow.

JANE MILLER

THE RUNNING OF THE DEER

The sky is ice-blue on a field of snow,
 And dapple-brown, like some fine-chiseled frieze,
 Lithe, slipping through the eager air you go,
 Your antlers firm like wind forgotten trees.

You run for ever through the winter day,
 Leaving the snow still virgin as you pass,
 Bearing a joy pain cannot chafe away
 In gentle eyes, like bright brown balls of glass.

EDITH MOODIE

THE DOOMED CITY OF THE ALBIGENSI

And then the twilight came and stood between
The city and the mountains' velvet shade.
And all the far-flung western sky turned green,
A light wind whispered, and they were afraid.

A great grey horse came wandering on the plain,
Bound on its back they saw, naked and dead,
A faery's child, wild hair mingled with mane,
The green flood oozing from the tiny head.

"The blue-pearl mist has left the poplar-row,
Noon's tawny cloak slips from the speckled slope;
Our ladies' laughing eyes we must forego,
Drowned in pale eyes that swallow human hope."

Thus sang the troubadors as they looked forth
And knew, by this same token, they must die;
Seeing, like carrion crows come from the north,
De Montfort's tents, black under fallow sky.

EDITH MOODIE

SUMMER NIGHT

SALLY McCASLIN*

RUSTY never crawled under a fence in his life that he didn't hang his clothes somewhere. If he didn't have a briar in his foot he always had his coat tail hung on a barb wire. She jerked the cold wet rain coat tearing it loose. But he was sweet. He was the only one in the family she cared a darn about . . . except Mamma. You always love your mamma. Rusty was sweet to go with her. None of the others would have, even if she had asked them. Rusty just offered to. She wished Daddy had to pasture those silly hogs some time. She'd like to see him keeping twenty-one pigs in a clover field without a sign of a fence around it. He'd let one run off in Mr. Bailey's corn too; and she'd like to see him go look for it at night in the rain. Dumb ignorant farmer. That's all he was, trying to raise all this mess of pigs and cows and work in town at the same time, and every fence on the place broken down. And it was just ignorance . . . and stubbornness. He ought to be married to some East Tennessee mountaineer woman and live up there where the women do all the work. That would just suit him fine. But he made his girls do all the milking anyway. She bet that even if he hadn't gone to work at the mill tonight, he wouldn't have gone after that crazy sow. She'd like to see some of the other girls in the eighth grade milking and slopping the pigs like she had to. What if her teachers could see her streaking down through the strawberry patch in the rain with her little brother looking for an idiotic old pig.

How anybody could be fool enough to think they could make a living on a farm she couldn't see. It was just ignorance. Work, work, work and then the cow dies or something. Daddy was just an ignorant Scotch farmer, making a girl work at the barn, and her brothers in a C.C.C. camp probably having a good time. Why couldn't she be somebody else besides Mary Duncan, brown, skinny Mary Duncan who pastured cows and slopped pigs and who never had a penny of money and got two pairs of shoes a year, and whose Daddy told her she ought to be glad she had enough to eat. Why couldn't she be beau-

*SALLY McCASLIN, a Lower Division student from Tennessee, writes another story of mountain folk in "Summer Night."

tiful and smart, and sing and play the piano, and have a lot of money and no family, and have a car of her own, and black curly hair. And all the boys would be crazy about her. Why couldn't she be named something like . . . like Jacquelyn Lee.

Rusty broke in on her thoughts. "Mary, if we can't find old Betsy, let's just let her go and we can look for her in the morning."

"No, Rusty, we can't. She's going to find some little pigs and if she found them tonight, 'the precious little darlings' might drown unless we get her in."

And then she thought, "I wish to heaven they would. I wish something would happen to the whole outfit. It'd be good enough for Daddy. Then, maybe we could move to town."

The rain had come in the afternoon, a steady wetting rain that battered the canvas at the back door and drummed on the tin roof of the barn as Mary milked. Now it had slowed to a misty drizzle as if the heavens were reaching the bottom of their reservoir. A few stars showed and the sky was soft with rolling clouds. The water in the ditch ran swiftly and splashed as it bumped over the root of a sycamore tree. Everything was wet. Little sticks gleamed in the circle of lantern light and puddles of water looked silver. Heavy, yellow mud oozed between Rusty's toes as they crossed the strawberry patch. It clung to Mary's galoshes like snow shoes. Fresh, green broom sage slithered across her bare legs leaving trails of water. Rusty's overalls were wet below his coat and he was walking on the back of them. Mary thought once of making him roll them up, but what did it matter. They walked under the plum bushes and drops of water hissed as they struck the lantern globe. The croaking of bull frogs was as continuous and as unnoticed as the ticking of a clock. They went through the gap in the honey suckle vines into the clover field. The clover gave off a faint sweet scent, but it was more wet than anything else. Mary's coat flopped against her legs.

Rusty, thinking of former experiences with bare feet in clover fields, spoke anxiously, "Mary, where do the bees go at night?"

"I don't know." Then she caught his hand quickly and it felt dirty, but she held it and added, "Sweet, they have a house where they keep their honey, and they go home to it every night."

They crossed the fence into Mr. Bailey's corn field and stopped to listen. A few crickets chirped, the corn stalks rustled, but that was all. There was no sound of anything as big as a pig. The mud was even softer between the corn rows. Mary sank almost to her ankles and her feet were so heavy she could hardly drag them. The blades cut at her face and gleamed like a row of sabers in the quick nervous flashes of the lightning. A low rumble made her tremble, and she looked hopefully in the direction of the railroad, but the rumble hushed. A train could not have passed that quickly.

It was going to rain. It was going to rain, and them way down in the field looking for a pig. Her heart fluttered. Her stomach felt cold. She drew Rusty closer and put her arm around his shoulder. Some day she'd show them. She'd make them all sorry when lightning struck her or something. They'd be sorry when she was dead. Even Daddy would be sorry. She'd probably have on a white dress and she'd look small and pitiful and they'd all be sorry. Daddy would know it was his fault. Mamma would know it was his fault too. Mamma hadn't wanted her to come. But Mamma didn't know what to say. Mamma didn't say anything any more.

The lightning flashed again and the cornstalks formed an arch with their sabers and she was Jacquelyn Lee walking under the swords for she had married a prince. Or they were pioneers and hiding from the Indians, or she was a nurse going through the night to save somebody's life. She was afraid and bitter and pitied herself; yet the wildness, the danger, the mystery gave her a thrill that was almost courage. Rusty did not whimper. Rusty had always followed his sister with blind faith. She felt his little chapped cheek. She had to look after Rusty. Bless his darling heart! She mustn't let Rusty be scared.

She heard the rumble again, a little louder, a little more broken. It came from nowhere, a low leisurely insistent rumble. It was going to rain. It was going to beat on their heads and run down their necks, and they couldn't open their eyes, and it would be cold and they'd shiver and their shoes would squash. Rusty would cry. Rusty wouldn't cry either. They'd go home. She didn't give a darn if the pigs did drown. She didn't want to hear Rusty cry. They'd go home, she didn't care what Daddy would say. They'd just go to the creek

bridge and if they didn't find the silly old sow by then, they'd just go home. She didn't want to get wet. Lightning might strike them and it was too dark and the blackberry briars hung on your coat and the mud stuck on your shoes and the corn sawed across your face and made your flesh crawl.

Rusty had a briar in his foot. He was crow-hopping along on his heel. Rusty was so silly. Why didn't he say he had a briar in his foot instead of walking on his heel with his overalls dragging in the mud? She'd get it out for him as soon as they got to the bridge. They were almost there.

They went down a path walled with pokeberry bushes and stepped on the bridge, white against the black vegetation and the roaring muddy water, a bridge swept clean of any indications it might have had of a pig's passing there. She set the lantern down and stooped to her knees. Rusty held up his foot and danced around her on the other.

"Be still, Russell."

Rusty stood still and held to her shoulder. With her fingers she scraped the yellow mud from the ball of his foot. She saw the yellow briar barely slipped under the skin and her brown wiry fingers removed it was a clean gesture. Then it happened.

She looked up, looked up to smile at Rusty and she saw it before she heard it, saw it in its naked strength, its diabolic revenge, and she lay face downward on the bridge. The long blue tongue of lightning did not proceed earthward hurriedly. It motioned wildly to right and left. It lighted its way and it saw the two figures huddled on the bridge before it reached the tops of the ash tree but did not halt in its course. Its victory song was in three parts . . . a sharp crackling sound that split the heavens, a long vacuum-like pause, then the deafening, jarring, crashing roll of its thunder.

The damp, woody smell of the bridge reached her nostrils. Her cheek was cold against its friendly strength. Mary did not get up. She never wanted to get up again. Rusty began to cry, a whimpering frightened cry at first that gained in volume with his growing strength. Mary sat up and began to cry too.

"Hush, Rusty, there's nothing to be afraid of now. Hush, honey. I won't let anything get you. Don't cry, Rusty. Listen, don't you know it can't hurt you now. Anyway, don't you know it's no use to be afraid of the lightning because after

you see it, it's all over. You'd never see it if it were to strike you. You know that flash is over with, when you see it. Don't cry darling. We'll go home right now.

And she helped him up and grabbed the lantern, and they ran down the path through the pokeberry bushes. And Rusty hushed crying and Mary kept on but she didn't make any noise. The tears just ran down her cheeks and were caught in the lines at the corners of her mouth, lines that had not come from smiling. And her knees shook and her stomach felt like she wanted a drink of water or had drunk too much water. It was not raining now but water dripped from their hats when they bumped into corn stalks or the sassafras bushes that grew along the fence. They crossed into the clover field, and Mary turned again to tear Rusty's coat loose from the barbed wire, and she heard the harsh uncouth grunt, but a grunt that was almost a groan. It came at regular intervals but a little different, a little more significant than usual. It was Betsy, but where was Betsy? Betsy was under the sycamore tree in a pitiful pile of leaves right where the ditch overflowed in big rains. They'd have to get Betsy to the barn. Daddy would be mad if they didn't. But Betsy didn't want to get up. She just wanted to lie there and grunt like something senseless. Rusty would have to get a stick. Rusty couldn't find a stick. Rusty couldn't find a stick in all this mess of trees. She couldn't find a stick either, nothing but a silly twig. God, make Betsy get up. God, get us to the house before it rains, before lightning strikes us.

She beat the pig with her bare hands. She caught her by the tail and tried to lift her up. She kicked her on the jaws and Betsy got up slowly and painfully and began to walk stiffly. Rusty was carrying the lantern.

"Please, Betsy, go on. Run, Betsy, please. Oh, you silly fool! Oh you dumb, nasty thing! Run, Betsy, please! Go on home. Go on home before it rains. It's going to rain, Betsy, go on home. Oh, you haven't got a grain of sense. Oh, I could kill you! Oh, please, Betsy."

They were crossing the strawberry patch when Mary smelled the hay burning and looked up to hear its shallow laughter as the fire burst from the barn loft in all its glory. Like liberated spirits, the supple flames hurled themselves from the barn in a wild orgy of dancing. For one brief instant they

lapped the front of the barn like hungry hounds and were sucked again into the yawning blackness of the loft. But they reappeared this time near the roof, and when they were again thrown back by the wind, they left on the frame weather boarding a steady glow that grew and grew and writhed and twisted till it too became a phantom of intoxicated revels.

The barn was burning. The barn was burning and all the cows and the corn and the harness shut up in the barn and Daddy at work at the mill. She wished that something would happen and the barn was burning, burning up everything they had but one pig.

Now they'd have to move to town. Well, she had wanted to move to town. But she couldn't just stand there and let the barn burn up and everything they had too. That lightning must have struck it. It was burning up. Everything was burning up. And if she took Betsy on up there, Betsy would burn too. Mamma said that pigs ran into the fire. She'd have to keep Betsy from going. And at last, Betsy was walking fast, right toward the barn and she'd burn up too. They'd have to do something with Betsy. Rusty saw the fire too. Rusty was squalling and he was going to break the lantern bumping it along on the ground. They had to do something with Betsy. She'd run into the fire and burn up right before their eyes. Everything was burning up. Maybe the house would burn up. Maybe Mamma would burn up. Maybe the house and barn and everybody would be burned but them. God, tell her what to do with Betsy. She'd have to put Betsy in the little pack shed over on the other side of the strawberry patch. And Rusty was screaming and she couldn't turn loose of Betsy's tail because she'd run in the fire and everything would be burned up and they'd starve. And Mamma might burn up. Maybe they didn't know it was on fire and they'd all burn up.

For once Betsy was kind. She ran jerkily, grunting painfully, but she reached the little open packshed before she lay down. There was no door to the shed and the walls came only half way but the rain had fallen straight down and the ground floor was dry. Mary and Rusty huddled in the door way. They had to keep Betsy from running into the fire. Rusty was still crying, but Mary didn't cry. She didn't have the strength. She didn't want to cry. She was paralyzed with fear, her eyes glued to the insane demon that danced and bowed and hailed

and mocked her with such fiendish glee. Her whole body shook and she sat so far out in the doorway that water dripped from the roof into her lap. It wouldn't rain. It wouldn't rain and put it out. If the barn hadn't caught on fire, it would have poured down before she could have gotten to the house but it wouldn't rain now. Maybe she didn't want it to rain. She had wished something would happen but they'd starve and maybe the little calf was burning up. And maybe Mamma was trying to get him out and she'd burn up too. Everybody would burn up and just she and Rusty would be left. Nobody knew she had wished it would burn. Poor little Rusty, he was scared. Poor little thing. It wasn't his fault the barn had burned. It was her fault. Rusty shouldn't be scared. He hadn't wished it.

"Don't cry, honey. It can't hurt us. Get in my lap, honey. Don't look, Rusty. You know Mary wouldn't let anything hurt you, honey. Get in my lap. Come here, honey. We'll turn around and not look and I'll tell you a story"

Mary turned around her back to the fire, and as Rusty climbed into her lap, her eyes fell on Betsy lying in the corner and she felt cold and sick to her stomach and she turned back around and blew out the lantern. She put her hands over Rusty's eyes and she began to tell him a story, the story of Jack and the Beanstalk.

"Once upon a time there was a woman and a little boy, and they lived in a little house, and all they had in this world was one old cow," and so on, her lips repeating mechanically, her thoughts whirling.

God, make these silly pigs live and don't let our house burn up and don't let Mamma get hurt. God, I'd rather the house would burn up than Mamma get hurt, but please, God, don't do either one.

"And then one day the woman sent the little boy to market to sell the cow because they didn't have any more money."

Dimly feeling her power over her small brother's mind and fears, Mary took interest in her story and said "Fee Fi Fo Fum" in a heavy guttural voice. "I smell the blood of an Englishman" made Rusty wriggle in excitement. She pressed her nose against his wet hair and made a mental note to the effect that it smelled like a dog's back and needed washing and went on with her story. The good housekeeper, the hen and the golden eggs, the

magic harp were discussed fully. Her frail body warmed to his weight, her fear left her, and as the words dropped from her lips smoothly, there grew out of the rain and the darkness and the fire and Betsy, another story. It was dim and vague and undefinable at first, and Mary could only classify it as the thing she had tried to get into her essays, the way she had felt when she heard the violinist who stopped at their school. It was a new feeling, one that made her curiously strong. It was a realization that this meant something. All this, the dark and the cold and the lightning was something real; and then out of the night came a word, given to her before her time, a word to build on, and the word was life. Slowly the story pieced itself together, and she knew it was the greatest story of all . . . the story of life, life in the form of damp little pigs, of tired heavy little boys, of girls afraid in the dark, of men and women, and frogs, and bugs, and cornstalks, and rivers, and fire, and cold wet earth, and soft rolling clouds, and sharp clean stars. It was the story of pain, and fear, and bitterness, and goodness, and curses, and tears. The story of the seasons, of warmth, and cold, and drouths, and floods, and cut worms, and boll weevil. The story of hands, and struggles, and hardships, of hay, and cotton, and cows. The story of beauty, the story of confidence, the story of meaning, of shallowness, of necessities, of love, of hate, and of sorrow. And it was all written around the theme of life; and though her mind was not really aware of the transformation, suddenly she felt strong and unafraid and maternal and free. This was something. This was life—seeing little pigs be born and feeling the rain and the lightning and the fire and the dark. It was a drama, poignant, complete, inspiring. This was life. This was what she would tell them in her essays. This was what she would show the world, the beauty of the sordid and the sweetness of sorrow. She was free. She had discovered life. She knew what it was all about. Everything was before her and she'd show them all. She had the beauty and the story to stand on. She had discovered life.

And lifting Rusty to her shoulder, she made her way toward the glowing embers and the black shadows grouped around them; and as she heard the low harsh voice of her father speak of plans for another barn, she lifted the heavy chain on the lot gate, and walked through, a smile on her face.

THE PERFECT STATE

RUDOLPH TOCH*

IT is a pity that everyone can not realize that the mind and ideals of the state transcend the mind and ideals of the individual. How could the state exist if its citizens pursued their individual desires—desires which perhaps conflict with the superior desire of the state? Such individualism would parallel the chaos of a democracy, wherein many citizens may be happy, to be sure, but where at the same time the higher ideal of race destination—the predomination of better blood—is lost. There can be no question, except among the sentimental, but that race well-being is vastly more important than the well-being and happiness of individuals and families, than peaceful understanding with other races and nations.

And what are the worth-while things on which all individuals in the state must agree? First, that the state is paramount and that the individual is unimportant. No citizen alone could ever build an empire and win a heroic war. All individual heroes told about in so-called history are simply fictional characters. A single brick is negligible—it is the building that is noble. It should be the desire, therefore, of the individual to lose himself utterly in the whole, rather than to be a lonely, single element. We know this is true for living, human beings in that it is true for inanimate things.

Having shown that the state is supreme, and what the race ideal must be, let us consider what must be the goal of a superior race. The destination of a superior race—superior by blood and fate—is obviously world domination. It would be naive to give reasons why such a state, with such ideals, is foreordained to rule the world, the weakness of democracies and of liberal ideas being now obvious to the wise. The world of tomorrow will be a dictatorship, with the motto: Blood and Iron.

But there will always be the difficulty stated in the first sentence of this paper: Not all individuals are wise; certain ones will cling to a belief in the supremacy of the individual's ideas. Such people can be ignored in democracies, for they do no harm in undermining an already decadent system of government. In a supreme state, however, such people can do great

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harm. There is always the dangerous possibility of their spreading to the mass their ideas on personal liberty, religion, and international relations.

Against such elements, a self-respecting government needs to take steps. Any step is justified in silencing enemies of the state.

The first step, obviously, is to secure information against any individual speaking against the government, or its ideas, or its policies. Such information is easy to come by in that the loyal ones in a state know the glory of preserving that state by keeping watch on the thoughts and actions of their neighbors. The state knows the value of such information and generously rewards the patriot who informs against the enemy. Often, to be sure, sentimentality has to be conquered, as when a child needs to inform against a parent. A sad state of affairs, but is it not far better that a child lives without parents who are enemies to that child's proud ideas? The same is true with brothers, sisters, husbands and wives. These guardians of the state are the heroes, sacrificing their personal bonds for the deeper bonds of the state. The material reward for such patriotism is small compared to the moral satisfaction such selfless conduct yields.

Once the government has laid its hand on secret enemies, there are several ways of dealing with them. But before justice takes its course, the friends of the enemy are to be determined: Birds of a feather will flock together. And not even the most treacherous enemy of a state will long withhold information if ice-cold showers are applied for several hours. Enemies are cowards, physically as well as spiritually, and can not long bear sleepless days and nights with a brilliant light in their eyes, or with a radio playing endlessly for weeks. Then there is always corporal punishment for those firmly set against education.

With all enemies of the state, it would be kinder, probably, to destroy them. But the state, like a father, is generous. Even to those honorless ones, the state offers a chance for regeneration, offers them the opportunity of becoming normal, satisfied citizens. Concentration camps are established where the depraved and the enemies of society are taught the beauties of true citizenship. In one of the camps, all inmates learn to recite these simple, true and beautiful words: "There is a way to freedom. Its milestones are: Obedience, Endeavor, Honesty, Order, Cleanliness, Sobriety, Truthfulness, Sacrifice, and Love of the Fatherland."

The guiding principle of life in the camps is: Educate by Work. Wherefore the inmates arise at about 4:30 o'clock in the morning to begin their day's work. After a breakfast of coffee (the coffee bean may be dispensed with in favor of acorns), the men march in military formation to the parade ground. There they remain for several hours to be counted, and incidentally to be taught self-discipline while remaining at strict attention.

Toward 7:30 o'clock, the different groups march away to their work of constructing roads, felling trees, or quarrying stone to enlarge the camp. The work is somewhat demanding, to be sure, for the camps are in nowise sanitoriums. The men move at a brisk pace, usually running, while carrying stones, or while at whatever labor they are about. When the work is slack, the educational training affords military drill, the men becoming proficient in the goose-step, and in remaining for sustained periods at attention.

At noon there is a lunch of bread,—some soups, after which the work of the morning is resumed until 7:30 o'clock in the evening, when one or two hours more are required to count the men while again standing at attention to instill discipline. Then they march to the barracks and a dinner of soup, or tea, with a piece of nourishing cheese or raw fish.

The matter of sleeping offers opportunities to teach the beauties of a Spartan discipline to men who have been inclined to give way to luxuries of body and mind. The incarcerated, in their rooms, sleep on straw, with a blanket for cold winter nights. A sufficient space of five feet by one is allowed each person for reclining.

It is in the souls of such men to be dangerous. Although their pajama-like uniforms afford little chance for hiding weapons, still it is the rule for the guards to carry their guns loaded. To prevent men leaving who have not yet adjusted their ideas to the benefits of the state, the camps are surrounded by electrically charged barbed-wire, fortified by machine-gun towers. It has seemed best that the rules of martial law prevail within the camp. Some inmates will, at times, insist on endangering guards by approaching closer than six feet, at which times fatalities unfortunately occur. And, to be sure, punishment such as hanging may not be avoided, as well as less severe educational discipline—such as whippings, suspension by the arms, and incarceration

in concrete boxes which will not allow the inmate too much comfort.

Sometimes it happens that a guard's moral indignation, on thinking of the ungratefulness of a prisoner, will overcome him to the point where he may punish such a one until he faints, or until his skull cracks. Or, to preserve his own sensibilities, he may punish the prisoners by forcing them to beat each other, which is readily excusable, remembering the crimes which have made these men prisoners—the crime of wishing to live a private life in a state where private life is not recognized.

MY SOUL

My soul, my soul
have the courage to be dull

reject the obscene
blare of yellow and of green

go not clad
in the ribaldry of red

in fact shun
all except the monotone
of mouse-brown

or unbeautiful
properness of dark purple

carefully measuring the amount lest
there be a waste

consigning all your worldly goods
to platitudes

obtaining thus
the comfort of the obvious

and thereby cull
the blessings of the drably dutiful.

ELISABETH MILLER

THE SERIOUS POET IN ENGLISH

ELIZABETH MILLER

AT THE latest rollcall Yeats, possibly the greatest poet so far in the twentieth century, is dead. T. S. Eliot writes children's verses about cats, and composes essays on the Idea of a Christian Society. This leaves W. H. Auden in the front rank as the serious poet in English.

Recent poetry has occupied itself less with the eternal verities and more with contemporary problems. Books of verse have that hot-off-the-press air. There is no doubt that they date faster than before—but most modern poets are not writing with one eye on posterity. Or if they are, they rarely admit it. Poetic reputations are made sooner—yes, and are broken sooner too. A decade may see the swift rise and fall of several schools. Auden's *Poems* (1930) marked the beginning of a new poet's career. During the past ten years he has forged a style that is really individual. In the period starting with *Poems* up to the publication of *Another Time* (1940) he has become a mature and established artist.

I have chosen to speak about Auden as a representative of poetry today because he has what so few of his imitators and contemporaries have—the feel of a major poet. Stephen Spender, another revolutionary English poet whose name is often linked with Auden's, has a pretty lyrical gift. C. Day Lewis is the author of numerous pleasant verses. Besides them, dozens of young poets in England and America are writing in Audenese. But none have the assurance and the unself-conscious modernity of Auden himself.

Eliot, strangely enough, went through very little of the usual fumbling for style. There are stages in his work, but "Prufrock", the climax of his first period, is not greatly hurt by comparison with *The Waste Land* or *Ash Wednesday*. With Auden this is true to a lesser degree. His first books contain, along with much that is authentic, a great deal of trivial if good-natured foolery, private allusions, mal-digested influences of Hopkins and Eliot, and some trash. Lately he seems to have sloughed off the excesses and the unhappy experiments. Hopkins appears in his lines, but less crudely, and in a subdued form:

. . . a murmur of starlings
Rising in joy over wolds unwittingly weave.
(*On This Island*)

And there is less obscurity—or perhaps we are more used to his method.

Another comparison with the older poet may be useful. Eliot produced two or three thin careful volumes of poetry at intervals that made their appearance an event in the literary world. Auden is more prolific. Something of a technical wizard, he turns out with apparent ease poem after poem in complicated verse forms. He is casual about form. To him it is obviously something to be taken for granted so that he may center his attention on subject matter. The comparison is not entirely in Auden's favor. He is often journalistic; his strict meters force him into inversions; and his compositions have some of the faults, as well as the graces, of improvisations. Adjectives are by no means scarce—the verse is almost lush, in places, in comparison with Eliot's stripped effects. The adjectives are not even properly descriptive, but often result in blurred impressions.:

And over the talkative city like any other

Weep the non-attached angels. Here too the
knowledge of death

Is a consuming love: And the natural heart refuses

The low unflattering voice

That rests not till it find a hearing.

(*Another Time*)

More than any other, Auden broke the mood of despair that had fastened upon poetry since the war. Eliot's *Waste Land* was a song of death, exposing the barrenness of contemporary life and expressing Eliot's disgust with people, places, and things in general. Auden has a stronger stomach for the world's ills. He fully recognizes the facts of poverty and war—but to him, despair is a worse than useless reaction. He finds salvation in a political creed, and hymns a new hope:

May I, composed like them

Of Eros and of dust,

Beleaguered by the same

Negation and despair,

Show an affirming flame.

(*Another Time*)

Auden can, if he likes, sound the conventionally poetic note:

This lunar beauty

Has no history

Is complete and early;

If beauty later

Bear any feature
It had a lover
And is another.

(Poems)

He can write the personal love-lyric:
To settle in this village of the heart,
My darling, can you bear it?
(On This Island)

In his latest volume he has written a series of studies of Rimbaud, A. E. Housman, Herman Melville, Pascal and Voltaire. "In memory of W. B. Keats", while not particularly Audenesque it is a fine poem with a style reminiscent (and probably intended to be so) of Yeats' own work:

Earth, receive an honoured guest;
William Yeats is laid to rest:
Let the Irish vessel lie
Emptied of its poetry.

Time that is tolerant
Of the brave and innocent,
And indifferent in a week
To a beautiful physique,

Worships language and forgives
Everyone by whom it lives;
Pardons cowardice, conceit,
Lays its honours at their feet . . .

Intellectual disgrace
Stares from every human face,
And the seas of pity lie
Locked and frozen in each eye.

Follow, poet, follow right
To the bottom of the night,
With your unconstraining voice
Still persuade us to rejoice;

With the farming of a verse
Make a vineyard of the curse,
Sing of human unsuccess
In a rapture of distress;

In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start,
In the prison of his days
Teach the free man how to praise.

(Another Time)

But he is most successful in those poems where he gives us a sense of our own time—its crises and immense dangers:

This then is my birthday wish for you, as now
From the narrow window of my fourth floor room
I smoke into the night and watch reflections
Stretch into the harbour. In the houses
The little pianos are closed, and a clock strikes.
And all sway forward on the dangerous flood
Of history that never sleeps or dies,
And, held one moment, burns the hand.

(On This Island)

It is in this mood that he is most interesting and most important for us.

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